

# Queens Of The Stone Age, Running Joke

When I was a little boy  
I looked under the stairs  
The king and the pawns  
Were caught unawares  
Standing in the shadows  
A whisperer to be  
Just fishing in the darkness  
Of possibilities

Just  
Look  
At you run  
Yeaaaaah  
Look at you run  
Yeah  
Ooooh  
Look at you run

Among such style and grace  
Our highest hopes  
None standing still  
The running joke  
Where goes the warm embrace it fades  
Without return  
That lives to slip through fingertips and burn

Just  
Look  
At you run  
Ooooooh  
Look at you run  
Ooooooh  
Look at you run  
Ooooooh  
Look at you run